

Today

Ford—
Pigmy Tanks.
His Submarine Chaser.
His Thousands of Tractors.

By ARTHUR BRISBANE.
We may lack *kultur*—but the Emperor of Germany would have been interested and not cheered could he have gone, with this writer, to Henry Ford's manufacturing plant at Detroit, yesterday.

Tens of thousands of workmen under high pressure are giving one hundred per cent production, no waste, no men paid less than five dollars for a short day's work—and the labor the cheapest thing in the factory, because the labor is used intelligently.

What is that black thing blocking up one corner in one of a hundred great manufacturing galleries?

It is a Ford submarine chaser, two hundred feet long, finished complete—not a model, but an absolutely finished ship of steel, with its three hundred and sixty-five thousand rivets. That ship will never go into the water, it is finished here in the factory as a test ship, and it is all finished now. It will be pulled to pieces later, after some thousands shall have been built from this model, and sent out to chase the undersea pirates.

That is how a high grade American manufacturer who never built a boat before in his life starts out to fight Germany on the water.

The boat is one dark mass of black steel and steel rivets. The bow is like a well sharpened cold chisel.

The flat black steel deck-back of the little solid-steel structure on deck slopes astern. Down that incline will go the depth bombs that will find and end the submarines that were to starve the allies—bombs that won't.

Above and below rigid economy, no wood, no varnish, plain, hard, black steel, not a dollar wasted and not a dollar spared where the dollar could mean increased efficiency.

Soon those two hundred foot long cold chisels, carrying sailors with eyes as cold as the steel under their feet and nerves as steady, will go sliding out to sea, hundreds of them at a time. Ford doesn't know how to make a FEW of anything.

From the first sight of a Ford destroyer you walk through miles of great galleries of industry, finally coming to an open space. A queer, little, black monster of steel rushes and turns with the agility of a croton bug. It is the Ford pigmy tank.

It compares with the huge tanks that you know as a Ford car compares with a huge truck. There are two men inside, one to run the engine, one to handle a machine gun.

The whole thing is no bigger than a double bed, and not as tall as a man. It is completely covered with armor plate, that Ford himself makes.

It has a speed of twelve miles an hour, as against the slow crawl of the big tanks—and Ford can turn out a thousand of these murderous, high speed tanks A DAY, if the Government wants them.

This machine goes down into and crawls out of a ditch ten feet deep, crawls up over the railroad track, down into another big ditch and out again.

It climbs up a pile of coal thirty feet high, it darts away, turns with the alacrity of a polo pony. What comes back again. It turns around in its own length, like a running rabbit.

When the President sees that thing he will say, "Let me have fifty thousand of them in France as quickly as you know how." What a wonderful combination fifty thousand tanks on the ground and fifty thousand small dynamite-dropping flying machines in the air would be.

The small swiftly moving tanks, defying machine gun bullets, going so fast that the big guns can't get their range, would give a new complexion to the war and a new worry to Hindenburg.

There would be little comfort sending hundreds of thousands of men against a band of these destroying Pigmy Tanks of steel flashing out death, and carrying thousands of rounds.

What would you do if you met a trench too wide and deep for the little tanks?

Fill it up with three or four of them, and let the others in thousands crowd over.

Near the pigmy tanks two small machines are ripping up the ground that Ford has given his employees for war gardens. These are the Ford and Son tractors, of which eight thousand have gone to England and twelve thousand to France—they are working there, now, driven by girls, each girl doing the work of three men and three teams to make the earth fertile. There is food for the allies' stomach and for German thought.

You look for Ford and find E. G. Liebold, whose office is next to that of the Boss. He tells you, "Mr. Ford only drops in once in a while now. He has this thing organized so that it runs along with-

HEAVY LOSS OF LIFE IN PITTSBURG EXPLOSION

WEATHER:

Fair and warmer tonight; tomorrow partly cloudy. Temperature at 4 p. m., 50 degrees, 5 degrees cooler than the average for May 18 for last thirty years.

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PRICE TWO CENTS.

MRS. BURGESS FAILS TO LEAD POLICE WHERE WERRES' BODY WAS HIDDEN

Von Hertling Says: "I Believe Peace Will Come This Year"

AMSTERDAM, May 18.—"I am still optimistic enough to believe we will reach peace this year," Count von Hertling, the German chancellor, declared in an interview granted the Budapest newspaper Azest.

"I am firmly confident the events on the west front will bring nearer the speedy end of the war.

"We only want a place in the sun. Germany and Austria are entitled to harmonize their actions. Emperor Wilhelm and Emperor Karl discussed only the basic ideas of the alliance. The details will be negotiated later.

"Our agreement is not aggressive. If the world some day would unite in an international peace league, Germany unquestionably would join it.

"But present conditions give little hope of such a league. We are fighting for our existence, and for the peace for which we are longing."

20,000 READY TO START HIKE FOR RED CROSS

The spirit of the Red Cross, ministering angel of the battlefield, will be exemplified in Washington today by a parade of 20,000 men, women and children.

It will be the crowning event of a week of publicity which ushers in the week of the drive of the Red Cross organization in the District for a war service fund of half a million dollars.

Will Arouse All. All Washington will be impressed this afternoon by the white uniform of the Red Cross of the necessity of liberal contributions next week in order that the work of relief now being administered to America's soldiers and civilians on the field of war may be generously extended.

The parade will start from Sixteenth and M streets promptly at 4 o'clock. It will move south on Sixteenth street to K street north-west, east on K street to Fifteenth street, south on Fifteenth street to Pennsylvania avenue, west on Pennsylvania avenue to West Executive avenue, south on West Executive avenue to the central building of the Red Cross on Seventeenth street northwest.

Vice President Marshall will review the parade in front of the White House in the absence of President Wilson, according to announcement by the parade committee. What Secretary of the Navy Daniels, members of the Diplomatic Corps and high officials of the Government.

There will be no addresses at the Red Cross headquarters building after the parade disbanded, according to Henry B. F. Macfarland, chairman of the war fund committee.

Parade officials estimated today that fully 6,000 uniformed Red Cross women will form a part of the parade. Thousands of children from the graded schools will have a separate division of the parade. These children are members of the junior Red Cross. A dozen bands will provide music. The United States Marine Band will be at the head of the parade.

It will be a singing parade, those in authority have announced. Each division will sing various patriotic songs. At the disbanded place the songs.

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GIRL SECURED

Mrs. Boswell, 834 11th St., put an ad in The Times for a girl for general housework. The girl was secured at once.

Phone your ads. Main 5260. An experienced operator will help you compose it.

U. S. FLYER "GETS" TWO IN A MINUTE; 80 HOURS IN SEA

ROME, May 18.—"The allies in the past thirty days have destroyed more than a hundred enemy airplanes on the Italian front," it was officially announced today.

Taking the air while awaiting the arrival of a French general with decorations for American flyers, Captain Peterson sent two German planes to destruction within a minute on May 15, said today's official communiqué. One came down in flames; the other crumpled as it fell.

Text of Statement. "Section A—in Lorraine, patrolling was active, and there was again increase of artillery fire; otherwise the day was quiet at points occupied by our troops.

"Section B—Particulars concerning bringing down hostile airplanes at about noon May 16 previously reported, when aviators were waiting for a general, who was coming to confer decorations, are as follows:

Shot Down in Minute. "While waiting, Captain Peterson made an ascent, encountered two German planes, and shot down both within one minute, firing sixty shots at the first and fifteen at the second.

First plane burst into flame before hitting ground, and wings of second were seen to crumple up when near earth. No definite information concerning third hostile plane reported brought down.

"It is now determined that our airplanes reported yesterday as having accidentally fallen within our lines north of Toul were not down, probably by hostile anti-aircraft guns."

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After having clung to the underside of a seaplane pontoon for eighty hours, without food or drink, Ensign E. A. Stone, U. S. N. R. F., of Norfolk, Va., is alive in London after having spent five weeks in a hospital, the Navy Department announced today.

Stone was on a scouting trip with Ensign Elie Moore, of the Royal Naval Air Service, when their plane collapsed and fell into the English channel. The two men clung to the pontoon for more than three days before they were finally rescued by the crew of an English trawler.

Stone and Moore left their station in a British seaplane to go on convoy patrol duty. When two hours out they saw what they thought was a periscope, and leaving the convoy ship, started in pursuit and lost their course. The engine of the plane "dropped dead" and they were forced to land on the surface of a rough sea.

Set Pigeons Loose. "We had no kite or radio aerial to call for assistance," said Stone, describing his experience, "so we released our two carrier pigeons, carrying a message telling of our plight. The first pigeon flew straight off and reached home, but the other lit on our machine and would not budge until Moore threw our navigation clock at him, which probably upset him so that he failed us."

"Heavy seas smashed our tail planes, which kept settling. I saw that they were pulling the machine down by the north of Toul were not down, probably by hostile anti-aircraft guns."

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Just sending night letter to Frisco

170 ARE DEAD, 400 ARE HURT, BY BLAST IN AETNA PLANT

Early Reports Say Explosion of T. N. T. Injured Every Workman in Factory—Surrounding Towns Rocked.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., May 28—

More than 500 war workers were killed and injured this afternoon when a terrific blast of T. N. T. wrecked the plant of the Aetna Chemical Company at Oakdale, near here.

Casualty figures at 1:30 p. m. placed the dead at 170 and the injured at more than 400.

Cause Is Mystery.

Beyond the fact that a large quantity of T. N. T. blew up nothing was known of the explosion or its cause. Officials said that an inquiry will be launched immediately, but that there was little hope of learning much about the blast.

The main building and surrounding structures were completely wrecked and their debris was rapidly being consumed by fire that followed the explosion an hour after it occurred.

Early reports said that not a single worker escaped injury.

Several surrounding towns, including McDonald, were rocked by the explosion.

STORES TO CLOSE ALL DAY SATURDAY DURING SUMMER

Washington department stores will be closed all day Saturday during June, July and August.

Department stores will open at 9:15 o'clock instead of 8:15 o'clock on other days during this period, and close an hour later in the afternoon, at 6 o'clock, under the new schedule.

These changes were announced today by Charles J. Columbus, secretary of the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association, representing practically all Washington's department stores.

Approximately 5,000 store employees will be given an extra day of rest every week during June, July, and August.

This decision was taken to meet the needs of the shopping public for later afternoon service than now given. Six o'clock closing will be adopted by all stores entering into the agreement for all day Saturday closing.

This latest move by Washington merchants to extend to Government employees every possible shopping convenience was construed as another evidence of the merchants' willingness to co-operate fully to meet the exigencies of the unusual situation.

Department employees who have only the afternoons in which to make purchases will find the late closing hour greatly to their convenience, said Columbus. "The welfare of the department store employees was also considered."

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, W. Va. The Greasbiter, Curpan plan. Wonderful curative waters. Over sight from Washington.

Mrs. Burgess, 18 Years Old, Tells Story of Werres' Killing As She Saw It



MRS. HARRY BURGESS.

"I am eighteen years old. I hate my husband. I love Charlie Gamble.

"My husband is a stick. Gamble is a lively, lovable fellow.

"When you love a man you just can't help wanting to be with him, and I always have loved Gamble.

"I married Burgess because I wanted to get married. When I married Burgess, Gamble had a wife, but she has since died.

"Two weeks ago last Sunday I went to Camp Glenburnie, Md., to see Gamble. He told me he was going to desert from the army and asked me if I would go with him. I said I might, but to come to Laurel when he was ready and I would see.

"He got leave of absence and came to Laurel. We came to Washington, went to a show and returned to Laurel. The following Wednesday night Gamble and his friend, Robert Newman, came to Laurel and met me. They said they were going to Washington. They went to Morris Albert's store and bought civilian clothes and then we went for a walk.

"We missed the last car and did not reach Washington until 7 o'clock Thursday morning. Gamble and Newman had about \$200 and some liquor. But we ran short of money and I gave them my wrist watch. They sold it for \$10.

"They then engaged the auto and we started down into Virginia.

"I knew of their plan to kill Werres. "We were to go to Gamble's home in Texas. I had my suitcase with me, packed.

"As we left Washington the men bought some near-beer to drink with their whiskey. We had not gone far out of Washington when the attack on the chauffeur was made.

"He said he was going to turn around and go back to Washington, that we were out only for a pleasure ride. When he spoke of turning back, Newman struck him on the head with a piece of iron carried for that purpose.

"They had planned to steal the car, murdering the chauffeur if he put up a fight. They were going to steal the car to get away in.

"Newman struck the first blow with the iron and knocked the chauffeur unconscious. Then Gamble struck him with an empty near-beer bottle. He never made an outcry. He fell backward in the car. My suitcase was in the back of the car and the blood got all over it.

"They got him out of the car, one holding him by the shoulders and the other by the feet, and they got him up a bank and carried him into the woods. They took his watch and \$2.50. They were gone about twenty minutes, then came back and got into the car. They drove then to a stream and washed the blood from my suitcase and coat. Then they said they were going to take me with them.

"I asked them to bring me back to Washington. I did not want to go with them after what had happened. They told me if I did not go and squealed on them they would kill me. So I went. You know the rest. While I was away my baby died. They buried the baby before I got back.

"THERE'S THE STORY."

DENTIST TRIES TO SHIFT BLAME

RICHMOND, Va., May 18.—Detective Sergeant John Wiley, of the local police department, was the principal witness today at the trial of Dr. Lemuel J. Johnson, charged with the murder of his young wife, Alice Knight Johnson.

According to the testimony of Wiley, the accused man asserted his desire that a thorough investigation be made into the death of his wife. Wiley added that Johnson indicated that acquaintances of his wife might be under suspicion.

The testimony was to the effect that Johnson had declared a friend of his wife had acted in a strange manner and had not attended the funeral of the dead woman.

The detective sergeant then related several minor incidents noted when he had been with Johnson.

Letters to Be Shown. The detective will probably be asked to identify a score or more letters alleged to have been written by Johnson shortly before he attempted suicide in a Wilson, N. C., hotel five days after his secret bride died of cyanide poisoning. Wiley found the letters in Johnson's room.

Among them were farewell letters to his mother, to his fiancée, Miss Ollie White, of Middlesex, N. C., and to a number of friends in Richmond and Middlesex. In some of them he said he had been caught in a trap, in others he begged forgiveness for what he was about to do, while in

JITNEY MAN DID NOT DIE, IS THEORY ADVANCED

Suggestion Made That Possibly Blows of Soldiers, Who Confessed Crime, Did Not Cause Death.

Two homes, one in Washington and the other in Laurel, Md., are rained today as a result of a joy ride that ended in the killing of James Werres.

The Laurel home is that of Harry Burgess, who went to Quantico, Va., to serve his nation as a marine. While he was away his girl wife left her sick five-month-old babe and fled with a soldier lover, and when she returned her baby was dead. Today this girl wife is with the police trying to find the body of the man she saw killed on the joy ride.

The Washington home is that of James Werres, who was killed. His wife is prostrated. His six-year-old son is trying to understand. Mrs. Werres asks, "O, God, why was James taken from me?"

Where is the body of James P. Werres, the jitney driver, to whom murder two army deserters have confessed?

Working on the confession of the two soldiers, which details how they took the body and hid it in bushes about twenty-five feet from the road, a party of headquarters detectives, directed by eighteen-year-old Mrs. Harry Burgess, who witnessed the murder, have been searching all night and today in vain for the body of the slain man.

"We killed Werres while Mrs. Burgess looked on. Then we hid his body in a clump of bushes near the road." That was the confession of Robert L. Newman and Charles S. Gamble, who are being taken back today to Alexandria from Richmond, Va., where they made their confession, which cleared up the mystery that for more than a week has shrouded the disappearance of Werres.

Can't Find Body. Despite the soldiers' story of hiding the body, despite the assistance in the search of Mrs. Burgess, who saw the soldiers kill Werres and carry his body away, the police have been unable to find a trace of the body.

Since early this morning a party of headquarters detectives, together with District Attorney Frank Hall, of Alexandria county, and accompanied by Mrs. Burgess, have been scouring the roadside from one end of Alexandria county to the other.

At intervals, as the party went along the road where the murder was committed, Mrs. Burgess would order a stop and say that was the place where the body had been hidden. A thorough search of the surroundings would then be made, but up to 1 o'clock no trace had been found of the body.

Already there is manifested an inclination to wonder if perhaps Werres had been only stunned by the blows to his head, which the soldiers thought had killed him. Was Werres only unconscious when dragged from his jitney by the soldiers? Did he recover consciousness, only to find himself the victim of an attack of apoplexy, which may easily follow a severe blow on the head? Is Werres perhaps still alive, wandering about, not knowing even his own name?

Search To Be Pushed. If the body cannot be found, there can be no other explanation for its absence, except that the body was found by some other persons and either buried or carried away.

The search is to be continued until the body is found, or until it is made certain by an exhaustive, fruitless hunt that the body is not to be found.

The story of the disappearance of Werres and the subsequent arrest and confession of the two soldiers, and Mrs. Burgess forms one of the strangest cases

(Continued on Page 2, Column 3.)